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## My Note Book.



THE trial of the suit of Mr. Feuardent against General Cesnola for defamation of character is set down for the present term of the United States Court. Whether another adjournment will be permitted remains to be seen. For the sake of at least the court and the jury it is to be hoped not; for the longer the trial of the cause is delayed the more voluminous will be the testimony. The evidence establishing Mr. Feuardent's original charges, already overwhelming, is now reinforced by the recent accidental discovery by Mr. George R. Halm, of an old album made in 1870 by General Cesnola of photographs of eighty-eight different objects of the Cyprus collection. Each picture is described in the margin in the General's own handwriting, and some of the remarks leave little room for doubt that he has wilfully misrepresented the facts in regard to many of his alleged discoveries.

FROM only a hasty glance at the Halm album, it seems evident that the idea of finding certain objects in the Golgoi, Soli and other imaginary temples was an afterthought. There are hundreds of miles' difference as to locality in General Cesnola's notes in the Halm album as compared with his more recent statements.

ONE thing I notice especially of interest to readers of THE ART AMATEUR. This magazine, it may be remembered gave an illustration of statue No. 40 as it stands now in the Metropolitan Museum, and opposite was shown the same statue minus a head and a hand as it appeared in Doell's lithograph. The director declared before the "Investigating Committee" that this picture was "an unpardonable falsehood," that he found the statue with the head and hand lying near it at the Temple of Golgoi "on a heap of ashes from the burned roof." According to the Halm album the statue was found at Dali, just as it was published in THE ART AMATEUR, without a trace of the head or the hand. It was a mystery at the time how the committee, after the director had shown them the statue, could have been so completely hoodwinked in the matter. But it is a mystery no longer. It is to be proved at the forthcoming trial that plaster, colored to look like the stone, was used to join the fragments, and new breaks were then made for the especial benefit of the committee. The fragments as remade, of course joined exactly, and the unsuspecting "investigators" were satisfied that their eyes could not deceive them.

IN my notes from London on the Hamilton sale, I described among other purchases that by Mr. Edward Joseph of the remarkably fine "Antique bust of Augustus" in Egyptian porphyry with gilt metal ornaments. That gentleman will find it worth while I think to make some study of the subject with the view of revising the catalogue title. It does not seem possible that the portrait could have been meant for Augustus. In the sixteenth century it was the fashion to reproduce the Twelve Cæsars as busts, and even for furniture ornamentation. The sculptured representation of these immortals was as common as the hammered metal mediæval portraits reproduced at the present day. From Francis I. to Louis XIV. all Europe was full of them, in almost every kind of material. While the likenesses were somewhat fanciful, the collections of antique statues and coins then extant permitted the identification of the portraits. The porphyry bust bought by Mr. Edward Joseph is not at all like the authentic sculptures of Augustus. It might be a Vitellius, or one of the Vespasian family, such as Domitian.

REFERRING to my remarks about panoramas last October, a correspondent calls attention to the fact that while the English may claim the invention of the panorama, the great improvement on it as an illusive representation of nature—the diorama—was conceived and perfected by two Frenchmen, MM. Daguerre and Bouton. My correspondent adds: "The lighting is much more complicated than in the panorama. The

admission and exclusion of actual daylight in certain parts of the surface of the picture and the admission of artificial from behind and through the canvas are matters calling for the exercise of uncommon ability. The effects of sunlight, moonlight, the storm, the tumbling waters of a cataract or the fall of an avalanche are indeed represented with such perfect simulation that it is somewhat strange, in these days of scenic excellence, that theatre managers have not availed themselves more freely of these beautiful and illusive applications of science and skill to the purposes of art adaptable from the resources of the diorama."

"RUNDBILD," or cyclorama, is the more accurate name the Germans give to this kind of exhibition. The word panorama is more properly applied to the views painted on a flat surface, made to pass before the eyes of the spectator.

THE first number of The Decorator and Furnisher, a new trade paper, has appeared. It is published by E. W. Bullinger and edited by A. Curtis Bond. The latter calls it "a new departure in journalism." Wherefore, is not evident. It is certainly handsomer than most trade publications, but not more so than the nature of the crafts it represents demand. A colored plate adds to the general attractiveness of the number.

WHO is responsible for the admission of pictures to the loan exhibitions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art? The question is asked in the interests of a much gulled public, who apparently go there with implicit faith in the knowledge of the officers of the institution. Apart from the Cypriot collection of sculptural patchwork—the fraudulent pretensions of which are now pretty well appreciated—I suppose the genuineness of the other objects in the museum is generally taken for granted, including even that wonderful series of drawings by the old masters, which, as Mr. Clarence Cook pointedly remarked, show that Raphael, Michael Angelo, and men of that class did not know how to draw. These are among the actual possessions of the institution, and probably there is as much chance for the public to learn the truth about them as about the museum's highly-prized collection of old Dutch painters. But surely no one there can be interested in foisting upon the innocent public, as the work of one of the greatest landscape artists, such a daub as the alleged Théodore Rousseau (No. 10), lent for exhibition by Mr. Leiter, of Chicago. Any one familiar with that master could see at a glance that he did not paint it. But, if at all in doubt, one has only to examine the signature to detect the deception at once; for instead of the name being written "Th. Rousseau" it is given thus: "T. H. Rousseau." The forger apparently had never seen a genuine Rousseau; but it is strange that he should not even know how the artist signed his name. It is stranger still, however, that the museum authorities should unsuspectingly hang the picture as genuine.

LET us hope that it will not appear again at the re-opening of the museum. And if it is not too much to ask, let me implore the trustees to remove at the same time the dreadful thing (No. 16) attributed to Raphael. How is it possible to "educate the public taste," as the museum pretends to do, when it calmly presents this as the work of that sublime painter?

A CIRCULATING art library, or rather exhibition, is the unique enterprise of a Berlin firm. It is founded on the theory that the contemplation of first class oil paintings is necessary to a liberal education, and that their purchase is beyond the means of any but the wealthy. Any person giving proper references is to be furnished with such works of art "on loan" at an annual payment of about six per cent of their real value. Many prominent Berlin artists, it is said, have promised their aid and support to the enterprise, considering that if it be properly carried out much valuable property which has been unproductive for years may be made to pay a fair rate of interest.

AN especially interesting feature of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition in London next spring will be a collection of works by Mr. Alma-Tadema. Were it not for our absurd internal revenue restrictions Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, of this city, and Mr. Walter, of Baltimore,

who own some of his best pictures, might be induced to lend them for the occasion. But if they have heard of the experience of the owner of Detaille's great painting, "Saluting the Wounded," it is extremely improbable that they will do so. That gentleman was particularly requested by the artist, after the picture had been brought to this country, to permit it to be exhibited at the Salon. He consented. On its re-shipment to New York, however, he was astounded to learn that to get it out of the Custom House he must pay the duty—\$800 I think it was—the amount he had paid on the picture originally when he brought it to this country. In vain he demurred. He proved to the entire satisfaction of the appraiser that the picture was the same. He saw Secretary Sherman and showed the injustice of the charge. But he was told that while the case was certainly a hard one, the law made no provision to cover it, and he must pay the duty a second time. And accordingly pay it he did.

WHEN our picture owners consent to lend their paintings they will prefer to keep them at least in the country. A good opportunity for the exercise of a little public spirit in this direction is afforded by the appeal of the managers of the projected art loan exhibition in Atlanta, Georgia. A gratifying interest in art matters has sprung up in the South, which the wealthy owners of picture galleries in the North should help foster.

THERE must be thousands of intelligent persons away from the art centres of the country, to whom the exhibition of some of the pictorial treasures of New York would be a revelation. Without seeing beautiful things it is impossible to learn to love them. The land is now overrun with sham art, and it should be the delight of every educated person who has the opportunity, to do his part in correcting the erroneous impressions created in consequence in the minds of the people. This can be effected in no better way than by accustoming the public to see and teaching them to appreciate what is good in art.

SUCH an honest effort in this direction, then, as is shown by the managers of the Atlanta enterprise should be heartily encouraged, and it is to be hoped that similar attempts may be made throughout the country during the coming winter. I do not mean that the managers of each enterprise of the kind should expect picture owners in our Northern cities to send them their art treasures. That, of course, would be unreasonable. The owners would seldom have the pictures in their own homes if they should consent to lend them every time they were asked to do so.

THESE loan exhibitions may be made successful without the special attraction of the name of some great foreign painter. In England provincial art exhibitions are now very popular. At most of them the objects shown are all owned by persons in the vicinity, or are the handiwork of local artists. No doubt at such affairs there are occasionally some pretty bad paintings by the village genius, but even these, becoming subject to criticism, may lead to something better; and there will be as an offset all sorts of delightful heirlooms in the way of old furniture, rare laces, and curious china, to say nothing of contemporary china-painting and art needlework.

IN connection with the announcement that the writings of the late Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, from the time he entered the Roman Catholic Church, are to be collected and published by his son, it is stated that a portrait is to be given of that truly remarkable thinker. I wish that it could present him as I saw him not long before his death at his quiet little home in Elizabeth, N. J. I had long desired to meet him; but he was almost a hermit, rarely crossing the threshold of his door, and he would not be interrupted in his work to talk with strangers. One evening his intimate friend, Mr. W. J. Tenney, the scholarly "reader" of Appletons', the publishers, knowing my desire, kindly took me with him to the house. The doctor himself admitted us, and as he stood in the doorway, lamp in hand, I thought I had never seen so picturesque and venerable a figure. At least six feet two inches in height, with a grand leonine head framed in flowing unkempt hair and beard, and wearing a dark brown dressing-gown reaching to his ankles which made him seem



even taller than he was, he looked the picture of one of those noble old sires of the Church whose simple, blameless lives shed such poetic glamor over the early centuries of Christianity. We passed a delightful hour in his dingy, dimly-lighted study. As he sat conversing there, surrounded by musty folios and literary débris, his eye was full of fire and he looked more than ever the sage. Indeed, it was impossible to listen to his philosophical, scholarly discourse without feeling oneself in the presence of a man who was intellectually as physically a veritable giant.

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A LONDON correspondent informs me that in ceramics the sensation of the month is the rediscovery of the old Egyptian black glaze for pottery; or, perhaps it should be said, the discovery of one equal to it in beauty. Such things have more than once happened by accident, and in this case it seems that Mr. Thomas Carder, manager of some brick and clay works at Torrington, Devonshire, was making experiments for producing a different color when the new black resulted.

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THE following touching prayer is published by The Pottery Gazette of London: "Oh! if there be a Goddess of Art and Taste, shed thy genial and beneficent rays over the purses and minds of the wealthy, give them the intelligence to know that there is art to be purchased around them in every form at moderate prices; give them the common sense to know that scarcity is not beauty, that age is not art, nor is Wardour Street Arcadia, or Paradis Poissonnière. Open their purse strings that they may help the almost extinguished art among us at home, and give them the appreciative understanding to enjoy that which is not musty with age, nor colored by the amount it has cost. Amen!"

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"EL JALEO—Dance of the Gypsies," John S. Sargent's remarkable painting, which was a great success at the Paris Salon this year, is on exhibition at Schaus's gallery. It is seen here in a better light and to better advantage generally than in London, where it was hung during the summer in the rooms of the Fine Art Society in Bond Street. The canvas is an unusually large one—the figures being life size—and the colors are laid on with such breadth that one must stand outside the gallery, even at Schaus's, to get a good view of it. It has been bought by "a Boston collector," whose name for some inscrutable reason is kept a mystery; but one cannot help feeling curious to know what private gallery in that city will accommodate such a work. "El Jaleo" should find a permanent abode in a public museum. There are very few private houses where it would not be out of place. It is rather a depressing picture, and it is not a refined one.

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THE scene, the reader will remember, is in a dimly lighted Spanish café. By the flicker of the lamps, which throw fantastic shadows on the walls and floor, you see the whirling figure of the dancing girl, with one arm akimbo holding up her satin skirts, and showing one slippered foot, and the other flung wildly into the air. The whole body is in motion. Without being indecent, there is a disagreeable suggestiveness in the movement. The expression of the sorrowful face, rendered absolutely cadaverous by the theatrical lighting of the picture, in itself repulsive, becomes almost fascinating in regarding the composition as a whole. You glance from the central figure to the singing musicians in the shadowy background on the one side, with castanets and guitars, and the excited gypsy women on the other side, who are shoutingly encouraging her to new endeavors, and, carried away by their earnestness, you are almost moved to join in their plaudits. The reality of the scene is irresistible. The execution is masterly, and it is easy to understand why the picture has attracted so much favorable criticism in Paris and London.

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ONE of the most luscious bits of modern coloring to be seen in New York—or anywhere else for that matter—is the picture of a Circassian girl by Carolus Duran, at Avery's. The painting has the brilliancy of a Rubens with almost the quality of a Velasquez, with which latter artist the admirers of this remarkable Frenchman have sometimes compared him, and, to my thinking, not extravagantly. He has improved surprisingly within the past few years. Visiting the atelier of a

well-known amateur in the Rue Vernet last summer, I was impressed with this fact by seeing together there a recently executed portrait of his friend Baron ———, dashed off in two sittings, a few months ago, and a full length picture of the lady of the studio, carefully and laboriously painted a few years previous. It was difficult to believe them the work of one man.

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DURING the summer it was my good fortune to pass an afternoon in the company of Monsieur Duran, at the house of a mutual acquaintance. As the master of two of our most talented American painters, John S. Sargent and Carroll Beckwith, a pen-and-ink sketch of him may be found interesting. Imagine a rather tall, elegant man, with rich olive complexion, clean-cut features, large flashing black eyes, and a profusion of curly blue-black hair and a well-trimmed beard, just streaked with gray. He is clad in dark clothes of exquisite make, the red ribbon of the legion of honor in the button-hole of his frock-coat being the only color in his costume. Glancing at his lithe figure and keen glance, you can readily credit the report that he is one of the best fencers in France, and an admirable horseman. He is never at rest. In the middle of his conversation with the hostess, he has just left his chair and gone to the piano, and, to illustrate some remark about which there has been a little discussion, carelessly rattling the keys, he plays a passage from the last new opera. Being seated at the instrument, his fingers in an easy, natural way, wander over the key-board, listlessly at first, but presently the notes take shape, and the rich accompaniment of his voice, which began in a subdued murmur, now swells into song, with music and words of his own composition. He is a veritable troubadour, reminding one of the days of Michael Angelo when an artist was not only a painter, but at the same time architect, poet and musician. During dinner no one surpasses him in witty conversation, and on the adjournment to the billiard room, in the courtliest manner imaginable, he beats every man who has the temerity to take a cue against him. Withal, there is a delightful egotism about Monsieur Duran. His personality is impressed upon all his surroundings, but not at all offensively. He is a remarkable man and he knows it. Every one about him feels it. But so admirable is his tact, that his personality never becomes obtrusive. And this certainly is high praise.

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ONE of the party, by the way, on this occasion was M. Arthur Meyer, the editor of the Gaulois, whose duelling exploit with M. Dreyfus has lately been cabled to the New York papers from Paris. M. Meyer is so short in stature and delicate that if his adversary was a man at all above the average height he must have had a decided advantage over him. The idea of the "Musée Grevin," described in My Note Book last month, originated in the active brain of this versatile journalist.

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As a conspicuous example of vulgarity and bad taste it would not be easy to find anything to surpass the new interior decorations of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The ceiling and wall in the hall are a mass of tawdry gilding, "relieved" by a broad frieze of painted imitation of plaster fret-work. This in conjunction with the grayish-white marble floor, adorned with fresh impressions of muddy boots and fantastic spatter-work of tobacco juice, presents such an original combination as could only be equalled by the genius of the same decorator in the spacious bar-room adjoining. Here the walls are resplendent with gilding, surmounted by a broad frieze of the crudest red, picked out with strange "ornaments" in relief, resembling crabs as much as anything, which to a semi-sober man must be really appalling. The supporting columns, formerly of an inoffensive white, are now painted to imitate green marble, and around each is a series of octagonal bands with feebly-modelled red and gold rosettes. In a great city like New York, conspicuous for the general richness and beauty of the decorations of its hotels, such a departure as this to the tinsel glitter of a London "gin-palace" is an innovation which, occurring in a prominent popular hotel, cannot but make the judicious grieve.

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A BROADWAY firm of paper-hangers, I am told, makes a specialty of selling home-made Morris wall-papers to architects and decorators who charge their

unsophisticated clients for them at the rate of the imported article.

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IF Miss Kate Field would open a gallery for pictures and curiosities in connection with The Co-operative Dress Association, and find time to manage it herself, she would probably make a success of it. She has just brought from England, among other objects of artistic interest, a charming red chalk portrait of a boy, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, said to be of himself; a crayon head, by Gainsborough; the portrait of Charles Dickens, drawn by his intimate friend, Sir William Boxall; a four-page closely written letter from the novelist, with the signature, "Boz;" and the original lease of Turner's home in Harley Street—a formidable-looking parchment document—with the great painter's autograph in full. These are all at the Association rooms.

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"COLLEGE CUTS," published by White & Stokes, is a collection of pen-and-ink sketches chosen from the journal conducted by the Columbia College students. While many of the jokes are very good, it must be said that the best of them are very old. Those on pages 15, 23, and 66, for instance, have gone the rounds of the clubs for years, and some others are only slightly modified from their originals in the London comic papers. I should not say so much about these immature collegian efforts but for the publisher's silly advertisement, declaring that the sketches rival the work of Du Maurier. There is a want of honesty, too, in the pretensions of the book which ought to be noted. The pictorial initials, for example, on the introduction page and table of contents bearing the signature "H. McVickar," are evidently derived from a set in a well-known Parisian art journal. The most humorous thing in the book without doubt is the unintentional candor of the Latin quotation on the title-page, "Pereant illi qui ante nos nostra fecerint," which might be freely translated: "May the originals of these drawings be utterly forgotten."

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CHILDREN'S Christmas books are already making their appearance. Of American publications of the kind the first in the field are "Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes" and "Elfin Land," both from the press of George W. Harlan & Co. The illustrations of the first named are in black-and-white and those of the second are in colors. Mary D. Brine writes the letter-press of "Christmas Rhymes" and some of it is very pretty. But the great charm of the book lies in the illustrations which, excepting those by D. Clinton Peters, are all by woman artists—or rather in the case of some of them, I might say girl artists. These ladies are Jessie Curtis Shepherd, Jessie McDermott, C. A. Northam and Addie Ledyard. While the work of all is good, that of Miss McDermott and Miss Shepherd is particularly crisp and bright. The publishers have done their part generously. The paper and printing are all that could be desired, and some of the woodcuts are admirably engraved.

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"ELFIN LAND" attempts more, and of course is subject to criticism in proportion to its pretensions. The illustrations are by Walter Satterlee, and Josephine Pollard contributes the verses. It was a happy idea to print some of the crayon sketches in red, which gives the soft effect of "sanguine," but it was certainly a mistake to print another color with the red; it gives the pictures so treated a very cheap appearance. The more ambitious color printings are of uneven merit. The illustration of "The Bee's Mistake" is charming in every respect, while that, for instance, of "My Lady's Train" is attractive in none. Among the many excellent fancies of the book is "The Dance on the Beach" of the star-fish by the light of the moon. Mr. Satterlee's sketch is admirable, and the accompanying verses are in Miss Pollard's best vein. I am tempted to quote the last three:

"Then up came others by two-and-twos,  
Some of them real old salts,  
Who danced the Polka, Virginia Reel,  
And the new Society Waltz.

"With twinkling feet they skipped about  
Like elves on the shining sand,  
And kept good time to the rhyming chime  
Of the famous seaside band.

"They danced and capered, and skipped and tripped,  
As merry as they could be.  
Till the tide came up with a sudden rush  
And swept them into the sea."

MONTEZUMA.